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"The Little Napoleon of Caribou."

A stranger from New York City first christened Judge Woods "The Little Napoleon of Caribou." As every man in the crowd had a mine for sale, no one questioned the visitor's right to speak on this subject, and when he followed up the remark by saying "it was a long time between drinks," we accepted his invitation and unanimously voted him a high authority on the personal appearance of Napoleon—later in the day the entire camp accepted the name as singularly appropriate. The mild, harmless face of Judge Woods, showing in every line a decided antipathy to killing anything, could not but suggest to our minds the little General famous for killing everything.

So he was christened Napoleon; he reminded us of that singular man in the same way Murdock, the biggest liar in Caribou, reminded us of George Washington "he was so entirely different."

I think the Judge took kindly to his new title, for in a short time the walls of his cabin blossomed with pictures of the great General, and he fell into the habit of walking around the camp with arms clasped behind his back and head bent forward as if he was burdened with great cares of the State. Entering his cabin without knocking one morning, I found him standing before a looking glass trying to counterfeit Napoleon's position, as shown in one of the pictures on the wall. Glancing at the picture, and then at his own reflection, he burst out in his rough fashion: "Hang me if I don't think that New York man was right," drawing himself up to his full length, the went on, "but I'm a bigger man than Napoleon—a bigger man." I did not contradict him; no one in the camp ever contradicted the Judge; we all loved him too much; loved him in spite of his peculiarities; perhaps on account of them.

Judge Woods was a privileged character in the little mining camp of Caribou; nearly every one had commenced by laughing at him, all, I believe, ended by loving him, and in 1874, when the camp was at its best, he was the leading spirit in our social and political life. Lazy and good-humored, possessing a happy facility of parrying angry words with some harmless joke, he slowly made his influence felt and power recognized by even the roughest class of miners in Caribou. He seemed to have no settled purpose, no special object in life. He did nothing, was nothing; but day by day he grew more closely into the life of the place. No event was complete without him, and the appearance of his round jolly face in any gathering was always the signal for a fusion of cliques and a good time all around. Every one in Caribou knew his history, who he was, where he came from, why he was here. You were sure to have this information fired at you by the Judge the first time you made his acquaintance:

"Yes, by Gad," he would begin. "I have known life—life, Sir, I repeat—life in the very heart of the cultured Eastern States. I have had my fling too. Wine, you bet; woman, I should remark; gamble, why you benighted tenderfoot, they don't know the meaning of the word gamble out here; in our game of poker we played for stakes worth winning; if a man threw the banker a fifty-dollar bill, he got one white chip; only half an ante"; and here the Judge would stop and wag his large head from side to side, until it seemed the old-fashioned crush opera had he sported would fall to the ground; across his face all the while played a smile of happy superiority. Busy with the memory of old dissipations, he would forget your presence, and, looking out of the window, whistle softly some air linked in his mind with other days; coming back to the present, he would continue his story. "The old man cut up rough at last; my governor, you see, was a high officer in the church, and didn't exactly cotton to my larks. One morning he called me to his study; I did not like his looks; I knew there was trouble coming. 'Billy,' said he—'Billy Woods is my name, you know, I'll be thirty-nine in December; don't look it, do I? well, I am—'Billy,' said the old man, 'you have developed a surprising talent for profanity. If this was natural or hereditary I might excuse you, but for generations our family have been leaders in religious matters. To speak plainly, William, you raise too much trouble for this small city; it won't do; you overstock the market. I think you

had better go West, where the people are educated up to your style. I have the misfortune to own a mine called the "Sovereign People"; it is situated near Caribou, Col. Now I want you to go out to Caribou and stay for two years; I will send you each month \$200 to pay expenses. At the end of two years, if you have learned to behave properly, you may come home again, and I will take you into partnership with me." I tried to move the old man, but it was no go. So I came out here five years ago and settled in that little cabin on the side of the hill; the one with a small platform running all along the front of it. At first it went kind of slow, then I began to like the boys, and they stopped calling me 'Tenderfoot.' In a little while I seemed to forget my Eastern home, and ceased to long for my old companions. The two years of my probation at last came to an end, I was free to go home again, but home seemed right here, all around me, for I had grown to love the boys and the camp. The very mountains that surrounded the little valley on all sides had crept into my heart, and I loved them too. The thought of opening my eyes in the morning and looking out on nothing but brick walls, of having no bright 'good morning' from Arapahoe Peak yonder, made me shrink with aversion from my old life, my old home—a life and a home that seemed mine no longer. I decided not to go back East, but stay here in Caribou. The old man didn't object, so here you find me at the end of five years, doing nothing, with the peculiar energy I have been famous for ever since I came to Colorado. I hope to stay here until I die. If I am bound in the right direction, then my soul will be saved a climb of over 10,000 feet and if I have to go down below, the extra time consumed in reaching it will be my gain."

This little autobiography, always interrupted by two or three adjournments to the barroom, was sure to end in a cordial invitation to visit his cabin, sample his old rye whiskey, and smoke a pipe of peace.

The Judge's cabin, like its owner, had its peculiarities. It was built on the side of a steep hill; the Judge's town lot, as he put it, being narrow but powerful high. While the back door elbowed the surrounding rocks with true western familiarity, the front of the house perched on a row of pine timbers, lifted its head high in air with natural eastern reserve and pride of position. The cabin contained two rooms, a small bedroom, and a larger one, in which the Judge seemed to live. Twice each week it was used as a courtroom, the Judge being our only Justice of Peace. This large room was papered from floor to ceiling with old copies of illustrated papers; they were in all languages and from all lands. An elk head was nailed above the fireplace, and a wonderful collection of stuffed birds and animals was strung around the room, filling completely the space between where the papering ended and the roof began. An old-fashioned pulpit, discarded by the Methodist society when they had repaired their chapel, stood in one corner of the room for the use of the Judge on court days; a lot of rough pine boards piled up in a corner made benches for the jury, the witnesses, and the lawyers. The only evidence of luxury or suggestion of his old home in the east was a large easy chair that always stood in front of the window, through which could be seen Arapahoe Peak, 15,000 feet high.

This was the Judge's favorite corner. Here he would sit by the hour when the days were cold or stormy, smoking his large pipe. He always had a book open before him, but it was noticed he seldom turned the leaves, but with eyes fastened on the snow-covered peak across the valley, sat quietly dreaming the hours away. Of what he thought or dreamed we, his friends in the camp, could not tell; perhaps we could not have understood his thoughts had we known them; that he loved the old mountain was plain; that he turned to it a far different side of his character from his jolly, good-tempered one known in the camp we suspected. Perhaps his sorrows, if he had any, and Heaven knows we all have some, were told to his cold, silent friend, "the peak."

Many an afternoon I have looked across the valley from my shaft to the Judge's little cabin, as the sun went down, to see him bid it good-night.

If the day was clear you were sure to see him at this hour pacing up and down the narrow platform in front of

his cabin, every few moments stopping to look across the valley where the glory of the sunset rested. At last, striking an attitude Napoleonic in the extreme, with head critically balanced on one side, he would stand and watch the close of the day. Nodding in a familiar way to the sun as it dropped behind the mountain, his every movement seemed to say "Very well done to night, old boy—very well done indeed. I could suggest a few improvements, but what's the good? Everyone is satisfied with the show as you give it, so don't change on my account."

When the bright color in the west had faded, and the stars begun to cluster around Arapahoe Peak and blossom far and wide, he would close his door and come slowly down the narrow path leading from his cabin to the Caribou House, where he took all his meals.

The Caribou House was the centre of social life in camp; political conventions, balls, church meetings, and shooting affairs had each in turn done some little toward making and keeping the house famous. About twenty of us lived there; a dozen more sleeping in their own cabins, gathered under its roof three times a day to eat a little and drink a great deal. We made a queer party, thirty-two men hailing from almost as many different parts of the world—stray bits of wreckage from all round the globe—stranded at last in this out-of-the-way mining camp, nestling in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, 10,000 feet above the sea.

In the long Winter nights we all gathered around the large fireplace in the barroom; with chairs tilted back, legs crossed, and hands clasped behind our heads, we would sit and smoke a pipe while the Judge spun yarns. Many of them were old, some were poor, but somehow we never got tired of hearing them. The room was dimly lighted; outside the wind whistled, dashing the snow in passionate gusts against the window panes; the purring of the wood fire, dropping lower and lower as the evening waned, the shadows above and around us, all seemed to draw our little circle closer and closer together; and the Judge's soft voice seemed just to fit in with the surroundings.

He appeared to have such a child-like belief in his old stock lies. I suppose they had developed slowly from small, perhaps truthful beginnings, right under his eye, to their present size, and, like a father, he was blind to weak points in these children of his imagination.

He was writing a book, he once told us—a book for children; it was to be called "The Three Buckets of Blood; or, The Bloody Bear Brewer of Bolivia." I don't think he ever finished it; even his patient friends at the Caribou House mutinied when the first chapter was read to them.

In his stories he was always figuring as a hero in some wonderful love adventure. Unfortunately, so it appeared to us, the "other fellow" always carried off the girl; but this fact never seemed to trouble the Judge; he married them off without a tremor, and allotted each one a family of from six to sixteen children.

One night Jim Strickland, a miner living down at Nederland Camp, made one of our party around the fire.

He listened with interest and apparent pleasure to one of the Judge's old love stories. When it came to an end a disagreeable smile lighted up his ugly face. "Judge," he broke out, "the last time I heard you spin that yarn you only allowed the woman had seven children, I'm sure it was only seven, for I noticed at the time it was just the same number of kids I had home; to-night you say the woman had nine children."

The Judge turned and looked him squarely in the face—this style of criticism was new. "When did you hear me tell you that story?" "The night Yankee Jim shot the little chap from Boulder, the one we used to call the 'Widder's Mite,' 'cause he was the only kid she had."

"That was about ten months ago, wasn't it?" queried the Judge.

"Yes," answered Strickland, "just about."

"If you hadn't been a bloomin' idiot you wouldn't have chipped in with such a simple question. Because you and your sleepy old camp never move, you mustn't imagine my friends stand still. Got a letter from this dear girl last week; 'Twins born Thursday, both boys.' She had decided long before the little stranger arrived to name it after me, after her worthless old lover, Billy Woods; didn't expect two; so only had one

name ready, so she had to split it up, the name, not the babies; called one Billy, the other Woods—clever, wasn't it? Clever in the little woman to remember me—nothing small either, in the way she did it. Twins—that's handsome, shows she had her heart in it, don't it, boys?"

The next day when Strickland got back to his camp, he is said to have remarked, "Boys, if this old camp ever gets out of debt and has a surplus, I shall vote to buy an ornamental liar like Judge Woods. Why, bless my soul, boys, a camp ain't in working order without one." Of course local jealousy may have been largely responsible for this opinion of the Judge.

One night on his return from the valley the Judge surprised us with a story of a wonderful scarecrow he had seen at Jamieson's ranch, just below Nederland Camp. "So natural, boys, it not only kept the crows from taking any more corn, but one old bird was so worked up he brought back some corn he had carried away the day before. Seems hard to swallow, don't it, boys? That's the way it struck me, boys, at first. But, boys, just as I had about made up my mind Jamieson was lying, a flock of crows passed over the field, and that galoot pointed out the very crow; pointed it out without a moment's hesitation, in a crowd of nigh on to a hundred other crows. No one could doubt after such evidence as that."

The Judge had taken an active part in the late Civil War—a very prominent part, if all his stories were to be believed. His description of a retreat is characteristic of the man. "Yes, boys, we were licked; I saw it at a glance, I rode right over to Gen. Sheridan and told him so. 'I guess you're right, Billy,' he said; it hasn't looked right for the last hour.' Then he turned, and, with his big blue eyes full of tears, said, 'Boys, we are licked; skedaddle out of range; and you bet they did. I led the crowd. Crossing one of the fields, I saw a poor fellow ahead of me carrying a wounded soldier on his back; his right leg had been shot off. Just before I overtook him, a stray shot from a battery whizzed over my head. It missed me, but carried away the head of the wounded man the soldier just in front of me was carrying. It did it so nicely that the soldier never suspected his wounded friend was now minus a head as well as a leg. At this moment old Capt. Browning, a gruff old fellow, rode by. Noticing the soldier and his strange burden, he pulled up by his side. 'Hallo; boy! where are you taking that fellow?' 'To the field hospital, Captain.' 'To the field hospital! What can they do for him there—his head is shot off?'"

"The soldier dropped his burden to the ground, looked at it a moment in amazement, then exclaimed: 'the fool told me it was his leg,' and hurried on to the rear, mad as a hornet at the poor dead soldier for having deceived him."

In 1874 times were good in camp and every man had plenty of work; early hours were, therefore, necessary, so about 10 o'clock our little party would break up. Rising from his large chair by the fireplace, the Judge would gravely pull on his old blue overcoat, balance his hat on the top of his head, bald head, and with a hearty 'Good night, go to bed, you worthless vagabonds,' pass through the narrow door, and be swallowed up by the darkness.

One unaccustomed to camp life, its rush and excitement, its terrible strain on mind and body, can hardly appreciate the charm a character like Judge Woods had in the eyes of men plunged in a mad race for wealth. His kind words were always welcome because disinterested; he had no favors to ask, no motive prompting his actions other than his love for his fellowmen—a love so strong he often tried to hide it under a mask of brusqueness, a manner rough and foreign to him. He wanted nothing from us but our friendship, a place in our hearts, and the chance to be our companion in the sunshine and the shadow. And more than one poor fellow, as he found his strength failing in the awful race for gold, cast a longing glance after the quiet, easy-going little man, who seemed to stand aside and above the crowd as it swept on to the twin goals—gold and the grave.

It was an awful thing to look on, this wild struggle for gold; men seemed to forget all else; one thought, one passion possessed body and soul. The glory of the mountains, the sweet music of the pines, all the many-sided

and wonderful panorama of nature passed before them unnoticed.

Not so with the Judge; into his quiet life came other and gentler influences; a thousand beauties unseen by the feverish crowd, a thousand sweet whisperings unheard by them, gladdened his eye and echoed in his heart. Is it to be wondered at that he kept young and seemed always happy?

No one would ever think of calling the Judge a good man; there was little in his life to suggest the presence of the religious element. While he kept on good terms with the clergy in camp, and they, like all the rest, were fond of him, they could not bring themselves openly to approve the broad-gauge plan on which he conducted his life. They were even, I fear, a little jealous of the place he held in everybody's heart, were disappointed that he did not figure prominently in the regular Saturday night shooting affairs that had made Caribou Camp famous far and wide. He wouldn't even oblige them by going on a mild spree, so that they might use him to "point a moral and adorn a tale."

On several occasions, just after he came to Caribou, he had been confined to his bed for a few days with an attack of asthma, he called it—but we didn't ask any questions. The tremor of his hand, the dark lines under his eyes, and a nameless, almost indefinable sadness in face and manner, went to our hearts and kept us silent. "Indeed, I think we loved him more than ever after we discovered he was human and weak at some point, as Heaven knows we all are. There was a positive charm in the fellow's good, natural usefulness. The camp changed, improved, progressed; work, bustle, and development seemed to touch all men and things, all but the Judge and his mine, 'The Sovereign People.' Men might come and men might go, they stood still together. As Justice of Peace he was an unique specimen. He would preside in his miniature court with surprising dignity, and woe to the stranger who, presuming on a barroom acquaintance, failed to show due respect to the court. Some of the Judge's opinions are still preserved in the Colorado archives—models of originality if not of law.

One day, discharging from custody a Chinaman who had escaped conviction for stealing chickens, owing to the lack of proper identification, he said: "Take my advice and get out of this place as quick as you can, you yellow heathen. As justice of the Peace, sworn to administer the law, I can't hold you on this evidence, but as a humble citizen of this great and prosperous mining camp, if I lay my hands on you to-night, it will be unpleasant for one of us." Addressing the crowd of miners who filled the room, he went on: "It's a pity the missionaries can't civilize these brutes. Christianize them up to the level where a free and enlightened American citizen, can kill the yellow devils without striking a blow at his self-respect and lowering his dignity. Sheriff, don't bring any more Chinamen here unless you have enough evidence to convict them. If there is any doubt, we can settle with them better out of court. Here, I'm apt to execute the law in a correct but unpopular manner, but when I lay aside my judicial ermine I'm with you—with you every time."

The silver mine that originally brought the Judge to Caribou occupied very little of his time; indeed he seldom visited it.

Every now and then he would find some poor fellow in camp out of work and out of money. He would at once decide to do some new work on the mine, and sending the poor miner down into one of the drift, keep him busy until he could find steady work in some other mine. No one in the camp ever heard of any one being taken out of the mine. "He was only opening up the mine, not working it," the Judge would say when questioned. "The mine is a splendid one; the hole in the side of the mountain represents the sovereign people—my stockholders, the suffering people—neither bother me much. The Governor owns all the stock. He never thought it worth anything—why should I startle him with a dividend? As for me, I don't want to get rich; what good would the money do me? I'm happy now—I couldn't say more if I owned the earth. If I strike it rich, what would be the result? I should grow stuck up, and turn my back on you worthless vagabonds, and go off and live with people who didn't care for me—only wanted my gold dust,

Why, it would just break my poor old heart; that is all the good money would do me. But come, boys, this particular miner is very thirsty. I struck a good pocket this morning; (the old man's monthly remittance.) There is silver enough in sight for one last drink. Gentleman of the jury, are you ready? 'Yes, 'bottoms up' down with crime.'" In this peculiar manner the Judge discharged the arduous duties of General Manager of the Sovereign People Mining and Milling Company, Limited.

In the long summer afternoons, when the pine woods were full of sweet odors and he sun dropped long pencils of light through the interlacing boughs, the Judge would shoulder his trout rod, and, followed by half a dozen children, start for a tramp in the woods. He claimed to be a great fisherman, but he never was known to bring back any fish from his excursions in the mountains.

At last I discovered the reason of his poor success. I was coming down the mountain one Summer afternoon, walking slowly, for I was very tired. I had been over in the Grand Middle Park prospecting. The ground beneath the pine trees was so thickly strewn with pine needles that my steps made little noise. Suddenly through a break in the underbrush, I saw the Judge and a party of little children.

The Judge was seated on the ground, his back resting against the trunk of a pine tree—in his arms was a little child fast asleep. Playing in front of him were the rest of the little party—six happy children, their mouths and hands full of candy, all trying hard to laugh talk and eat candy at the same time. By the Judge's side lay an open book, a volume of Hans Anderson's "Fairy Tales"—I recognized its peculiar binding. His fishing rod leaned against a tree, the fly dangling harmlessly over the little stream—that went hurrying by, merrily singing as it swept on from its home of play in the mountains to its field of work in the plains below. The Judge was gravely smoking his large pipe and seemed to be far away in dreamland—he was looking out through an opening in the trees, on the wide prairie twenty miles away, and more than ten thousand feet below. Just over his shoulder the "Peak" lifted its snowy face, the trees parted to let it complete the picture. A woodpecker plied his noisy trade overhead. Two small birds flew from a thicket across the stream and perched fearlessly on a stump near the children; they seemed to be waiting for an invitation to join the happy little party. Only the laughter of the children the ripples of the stream, and the tapping of the woodpecker broke the solemn stillness of the woods.

The soft air was heavy with the odor of the pines. The tops of the trees interlacing far above shut out the bright sunshine, making the long aisles of pine trees look weird and strange in the half light of the woods; the earth warm with the breath of Summer, seemed throbbing with life. Overcome by all these influences, I fell asleep. When I awoke, an hour later, the Judge had gone back to camp. After this I was never surprised to see the Judge bring home an empty basket; neither did I wonder that time with him seemed to stand still, nor that years in passing traced no wrinkles on his kindly face.

One of the many boys in camp who knew the Judge and loved him, was an old gambler of the name of Shaw. Before he came to Caribou he had won a pretty bad name, not because he played a skin game—no one ever accused him of that—but he had an ugly way of handling his "gun."

He seldom used it twice on the same man; it was unnecessary. On Saturday night the market was crowded with people. Daly, a drunken old brute, got into a quarrel with his wife; maddened by some remark, he grabbed a long steak knife and made a spring at her. Shaw was standing by; he hadn't time to draw his gun, but, quick as a thought, he leaped between them and grasped the glittering bit of steel in his naked hand as it descended. His hand broke the force of the blow a little, but he received an ugly cut in the side—one that made him a prisoner in his cabin all Winter. I shall never forget the scene—the woman crouching, white as death, the man livid with passion—the long, keen blade of steel glittering for a moment, then the panther-like spring of the brave outcast who held his life as nothing against the life of an unprotected woman.

During his life of adventure Shaw had won and lost two fortunes, but, as luck would have it, this sickness

found him poor; but the Judge found a way to make things easy for him. Every few days he would climb up the mountain to Shaw's cabin, to get out his old faro bank and deal the cards until the wounded gambler had won a few dollars. Then he would bluster around the room a few moments, blurring out a host of old maxims regarding the evil of gambling, burst into a hearty laugh, and go home chuckling over the success of his scheme to pull the wool over the gambler's eyes. "I can't give him money," said the Judge one night after dinner, "it would hurt the rascal's self-respect. I don't; I simply afford him an opportunity to earn an honest penny." Of course the Judge deceived no one but himself by his wonderful strategy, still we loved him all the more, because he was so careful of other people's feelings.

It was Christmas evening, and all of the boys in camp found their minds wandering back to far-away home, and living over in fancy other and brighter Christmas evenings in the past. Under the weight of old memories supper at the Caribou passed off very quietly; even when, later on, we gathered around the fire, the old spirit of fun was absent. Even the Judge seemed to feel the shadow, and although he tried manfully to keep up our spirits, he found it well-nigh impossible. The snow had been falling all day, the wind was now rising, drifting the dry snow in every direction and burying some of the smaller cabins out of sight. The talk around the fire having ended, we sat watching through the window opposite a Christmas service in the little church across the street.

The church was on a lower level than the Caribou House, and from our place by the fire we could see all over the church. I wasn't a very cheerful thing to watch, only a few of the congregation having ventured out in the storm to wish their little parson "Merry Christmas." They were huddled in one corner of the barren room trying to find comfort by the small fire. A feeble attempt at Christmas decoration, in the shape of a few green wreaths and pine cones, only served to emphasize the cheerless aspect of the place. A pair of slippers, a fancy lamp shade, and a few other worthless trifles were laid on the pulpit, the Christmas offerings of the congregation to their faithful pastor. Two hymns were sung a prayer offered, they shook hands with the parson, and one by one sneaked out of the door. At last the pastor of the flock stood alone. Glancing around the room to see that no one remained, he dropped his head upon his clasped hands and stood leaning against the pulpit, the picture of a discouraged, disappointed man. At last, roused perhaps by the thought of wife and child at home, he gathered up the few useless gifts and, turning out the lamp, started sadly for his little home.

"It's a shame," broke out the Judge, "a shame the way they treated that little chap. He works early and late for his people and they half starve him, although every scoundrel in the congregation has made a barrel of money this Summer. I don't believe the boy has enough at home for a square meal on Christmas. Boys, let's club in, make up a good jack pot, and give the little Gospel chap a Christmas blow-out." It didn't take two minutes to make up a good round sum; we all entered heartily into the scheme, and a few minutes later we were tramping through the snow, each bound in a different direction; for, in order to save time, we divided up the work of buying the different articles. We were all to meet at the Caribou and to go down to the parson's house together. Twenty minutes later we filed slowly out of the hotel, each man loaded down with bundles or baskets. The Judge led the procession; a big turkey swung jauntily over his right shoulder, two bundles of celery springing from his overcoat pockets. Plunging along through the drifts of snow almost to the shoulder, we at last reached the parson's cabin. The Judge knocked; we saw the light move inside, and then the door was cautiously opened and the little preacher stood before us. Seeing a crowd of men, he started to close the door, but the Judge stepped forward saying, "Parson, we just dropped down to wish you a merry Christmas; we don't mean any harm; it's Billy Woods and his crowd from the Caribou House." A moment later we were all gathered in the kitchen, the only room large enough to hold our party. Our burdens were deposited on the table;

[Concluded on fourth page.]

NEW YORK, JULY 28, 1892.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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SPECIAL ATTENTION is called to the advertisement of the Hartford "Celebration," to be found on the fourth page. The rates of transportation to and from the meeting; the terms and facilities for board and lodging of those in attendance; the prominent features of the great body of deaf-mutes that will assemble to rejoice over the seventy-fifth anniversary of "Old Hartford"—all are particularized. As a great many from New York and vicinity are likely to attend, it would seem to be a good plan if some representative living in this city were selected, and furnished with circulars and official authority to enable all who are so inclined to make the journey without confusion or misunderstanding. As a suitable party, we would suggest Mr. Isaac N. Soper. He is an "Old Hartford" alumnus, and is well informed concerning his *alma mater* in particular and deaf-mute affairs in New England in a general way. He is as popular in this city of his adoption as he always was popular and prominent in his New-England home. We make this suggestion to the managers, and hope to see it acted upon. The coming celebration, although in one sense a purely New England affair, still has an interest to the deaf of all States; for the reason that it was the birthplace of deaf-mute education in the United States. In its broad sense "Old Hartford" is the *alma mater* of all the deaf, for whatever institution any of them may have attended, whatever of profit and pleasure any may have experienced from the widespread education of the "children of silence," all can be traced back to the parental source in Hartford, and to the initial efforts of him whose memory is imperishable—Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet.

On this page will be found a description of the system employed in affording the benefit of an education to the deaf-mutes of Great Britain. It is written by an English gentleman (deaf) who is now a resident of Chicago. He knows whereof he speaks, and from the lucid and well-expressed language, it will at once be evident to the reader that he is a man of educated judgment. To the deaf-mutes of the United States, to whom the facilities for obtaining an education is as free as the air they breathe, the statement that out of a number of candidates for admission to a common school, a large number were rejected, will seem preposterous. Yet there is every evidence that it is true. We only hear from and about the well-educated deaf in the "old country." The neglected deaf and dumb are utterly incapable of proclaiming their condition, and those of their more fortunate brethren, who, through lucky circumstances or the use of money, have become well-educated, strive as they may to alleviate the condition of the neglected ones, fail to receive the attention and courtesy that would be accorded them on this side of the Atlantic. Those delegates who attended the Paris Congress of the Deaf will instantly recognize Mr. Healy, of Liverpool, and concede his ability and earnestly-directed efforts to help the deaf of England. That such a man, possessing of so much information concerning his fellow deaf-mutes, should receive but a minute's hearing before the "Royal Commission," suggests either a lack of understanding concerning the true inwardness of deaf-mute education on the part of that honorable body, or is *prima facie* evidence that their performance of duty is of a perfunctory character.

THE JOURNAL has been honored with a ticket of invitation to the picnic of the Cleveland deaf-mutes, at Forest City Park, Cleveland, O., on Saturday, August 6th. As the Fanwood Quod Club will hold festivities at Cosmoquadon Park, this city, on the same date, we do not see how the editor can be in two places at the same time, therefore, while wishing them an enjoyable and successful picnic, must decline with thanks the invitation of our Cleveland friends.

VIRGINIA.

Virginia Mutes! They take Front Rank in the

GRAND ARMY OF PROSPEROUS DEAF,

And will Assemble 200 Strong at Staunton, August 16th and 17th.

AND HAVE A ROYAL GOOD TIME.

Cupid's Deadly Arrow Plays Havoc with Their Hearts Tho!

BUREAU OF THE "JOURNAL,"
THE EVENING SUN BUILDING,
NEWPORT NEWS, VA., July 25.

Talk about Virginia deaf-mutes being behind the times as far as matrimonial ties are concerned! Look at the list given below, and if you are not convinced that we lead all other States, you are a hard, nasty, old sinner—bachelor or old maid, I mean. Cupid's deadly arrow never shot from his bow more rapidly and so often as it has done during the year just closed—ending July 1st.

Here is the list:

MOYLAN-PENN—James W. Moylan, of Maryland, and Mary C. Penn, of Virginia, at Winston, N. C.

CHILES-SHACKLEFORD—Robert E. L. Chiles and Fannie D. Shackelford, Virginia, at Staunton, Va.

RITTER-SCLATER—William C. Ritter and Mary A. Sclater, at Washington City, D. C.

BRUCE-GRIFFIN—Charles A. Bruce and Annie C. Griffin, Virginia, at Norfolk.

RANDOLPH-BLANKENSHIP—John L. Randolph and Ethel M. Blankenship, Virginia, at Petersburg.

GALLION-GARRETT—George A. Gallion, of Maryland, and Eva A. Garrett, of Virginia, at Fredericks City, Md.

FENTRESS-DAYE—Febeuluss Fentress and Irene G. Davis, Virginia, at Portsmouth.

How does that strike you? And to cap the climax *not one* of these couples were married by a deaf-mute "minister" either. The fact is well-known that Virginia deaf-mutes have a peculiar horror against being wedded by a deaf-mute "preacher." Many years have sped by since Old Father Time recorded on his big register the marriage of a deaf-mute couple in the State of Virginia by a deaf-mute minister.

The printer who set our last letter made us say that Mr. Nelson Chamberlayne, a teacher in the Institution, had died, when it should have been the son of a teacher in the Institution. The cause of Mr. Chamberlayne's death, we understand, was due to that dreadful disease consumption. He was a promising young man, and his death is greatly deplored by his friends.

MIDSUMMER REVIEW.

It has been our custom ever since beginning to correspond for the JOURNAL to write up every summer a brief history, as it were, of what the deaf of the State are doing and propose to do. By reference to it, our brethren outside of the State need not flatter themselves as being the only prosperous deaf in Uncle Sam's broad empire. The deaf of Virginia do not make it a business to boast, but they want outsiders to know that they rank among those in the front. Below will be found a dozen or two items of what some of our brethren in the Old Dominion are just now engaged in. Much time and labor has been spent to gather these facts, and inasmuch as this issue of the JOURNAL is scattered into every nook and corner of this State free, we hope the appended items will "give the news" to many old "chums" who have lost trace of one another, but who will again grasp hands at the coming August Convention.

Jeff. Ambrosselli is in the bakery business with his brother in Roanoke. His sweet cakes and doughnuts have some thing to do with his popularity, we presume.

Dunlap Baker, or the man of many matrimonial rumors, was in Danville, when last heard from authoritatively. A few days ago, we heard he was in Roanoke, but we are not prepared to vouch for the truth of the statement. He learned his trade in the *Goodson Gazette*, the Institution Journal.

Sidney Linkinhoker is farming with his father out in Botetourt County. His chief attentions just now are confined to a huge patch of delicious watermelons.

Homer Flaherty, who lives in the same county as does Linkinhoker is seldom heard from. He lives near a graveyard and ghosts chase him around the house almost every other night. He is farming, and is doing well at it.

Robert Bell, though not a graduate of the Virginia Institution, is farming—excuse me, I meant to say making pictures in Mr. Michaels' studio at Goshen. A bloody murder occurred about three miles from that town a week or two ago, and Brother Bell has the credit of handling the *Associated and United Press* dispatches from that place during the excitement following.

Daniel Rohrer is with his father in Rockingham County, who owns a large farm. Daniel is boss of the orchard and melon patches.

John Randolph, who recently near-

ly upset the patent-office in Washington by showing a car-coupler of his own invention, by which an engineer can back up to a car and "hitch up" without the aid of a brakeman, is in Norfolk. We have not yet thoroughly understood his patent, and therefore can not give the other details in its favor. A New York firm offers \$70,000 for the patent, while a Boston firm offers \$100,000. It is likely that Mr. Randolph will sell it to the latter firm. M. Boecheler, a distinguished *attache* to the patent office in France, has written Mr. Randolph that he has examined his patent and considers it the best yet hit upon. He will present Mr. Randolph with a gold medal and a first class diploma, it is said. It is also said that Mr. Randolph's picture will be taken and hung in the gallery of distinguished patentees at the World's Fair in Chicago. The picture will be a large one. Mr. Randolph got his patent papers on the 16th of last February, and they are limited to seventeen years.

John Christian is with his father on his farm in Shenandoah County. Shenandoah County has a colony of deaf-mutes, numbering nearly twenty. John is a carpenter, and does well at his trade.

Alexander Lewis Clem—the boy who could unravel more fish yarns in the space of an hour than the average fisherman could think of in a year—is following his trade—carpentry—at his home in Shenandoah County, besides seeing that the big bass and suckers do not get down as far as Elkton, where Joe Painter lives. Joe is in the tannery business, and enjoys the confidence and good will of a host of friends.

Reuben S. Weaver is at Buena Vista, in a steam planing mill. He "hews to the line and lets the chips fall where they may." He has always been doing well, being a sort of genius at the carpenter trade.

Frank Lindsay is in the *Advance* at Charlottesville, so we heard not long ago. His brother, who was one of the editors of that excellent paper, is travelling for an insurance firm.

Barney Owens is with his uncle on a farm in Roanoke County. Barney used to be a celebrated Lynchburg favorite, but is now a "son of toil" and likes his business well enough. He has "taken in" Texas and other States, and is acquainted with a great many "greasers" and cowboys on the Texan frontier.

Sidney King is "at it" in a Lynchburg planning mill. He does well, notwithstanding the dull times all over the country. It is rumored that "Sol" (as he was called at school) contemplates surrendering to the whirling arrow of Cupid soon. We cannot say there is any truth in the rumor. But we give it for all it is worth.

Charles Purcell is in Winchester, so we heard recently. He seems to be undecided what to do—marry or remain single. We advise the former.

Raymond J. Cone is at the Bear Springs, Elkton.

Up to date it is not known what has become of William Neighbors. He was near Dallas, Texas, when last heard from, but later reports said he was back in Virginia.

Robert Chiles is at the Albermarle Paper Mill in Richmond. He is a paper-finisher, and considered by his employer as having no equal.

Joe Broyles was acting as mailing clerk for the Lynchburg *News*, when last heard from by us.

Marcel Laube is in Richmond as of yore. He is working at Hoen & Co's Lithographing Establishment on Bank Street; opposite the Capitol Square.

W. M. Laey is in Fredericksburg at the Shoe factory. His wife is summering at her parents' home in Rockbridge County.

Jolly Amos Holler is neither "summering" at the White Sulphur nor at Old Point, but is still at his bench in the Institution Shoe Shop. The best place for Amos, according to his own saying, is in the shoe shop year round. "The boys," who go to the convention in August, are respectfully warned not to shake Amos' hands off his body. For the enlightenment of the deaf of the world at large, we will say that Amos has no time to stand up for a dozen hours at a time, shaking the hands of and smiling into the faces of a gaping crowd of curiosity seekers.

Sammy Shoemaker is an awful sufferer. If he is at the convention, his friends will not know him. He intends to go to the John Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore at an early date.

S. C. Jones is still at his case on the Roanoke *Times*. We are glad to note that he is among the thrifty mutes of the state.

Last evening I boarded the west bound vestibule train at the depot as soon as it rolled in. I did not have a ticket in my pocket for Chicago or New York—a few rusty coppers and a card bearing the title-head of the JOURNAL with my name in a corner, a respectable distance away, was all that my pocket then glorified in. On a car platform I ran bang up against E. L. K. Tune, who was roosting on a brake. Elk Tune, as he is better known, is not a deaf-mute, nor is he blind, nor can I say he is *seeing or hearing*—he is just about midway between all those. He attended the Institution some years ago, and is now a newsboy on the trains on the Chesapeake & Ohio Road.

James E. Trice was in Norfolk City when last heard from. What he is doing there I have not heard, but presume it is—well, the next time I speak of him, I hope to add he is no longer a Benedict.

James Murden is a pressman of

something like it, in a newspaper and job office in Norfolk. His wife died several years ago.

F. Fentress is at his printing office on Main Street, Norfolk. Mr. Fentress is an expert printer, and the daily press of his city carry his advertisements.

Mr. Michaels continues at the old stand at Goshen. He has a pupil to enlighten—how in the mysterious arts of the three-legged table with a box on it, with a glass hole in its end and a black cloth bringing up in the rear.

William Elliott is farming at his home in Louisa County. He expects to attend the convention, which will be his first visit to Staunton for over twelve years.

Arthur Tucker is still "subbing" on the Richmond *Dispatch*, the best daily paper in the State and one of the best in the South.

THE DEAR, DEAR GIRLS.

And what of the young ladies? It is rather a hard task to keep step with all the young ladies in the State—to keep informed of what they are doing. But I append a few items as I happened to get them while scouring the State for the boys.

In a recent issue of the *Railway and Mining Journal*, of Bluefield, West Va., I found the following item:—

LESSONS IN PAINTING.

Miss Lavinia Argabright is now prepared to take pupils in all branches of the art, including water colors, oil and china painting. She comes highly recommended by able judges, and we feel sure that all who patronize her will be well satisfied. Terms and further information can be had by applying at her home in the West End.

The many friends of Miss Argabright wish her much success in her undertaking. She was educated at the case and brush at the Institution, and that speaks volumes for the capabilities and competency of her old teachers in art.

Miss Pearl King is summering with her brother's family in Accomac County, just across the Bay from this place. She will attend the convention, we learn.

Miss Lulu Mankin is also expected to be in attendance at the convention. Miss Lulu is at her home near Washington City.

Miss Annie Riggs is breathing the pure and bracing air of Accomac County.

The Misses Allen are at Rocky Mount, the home of Colonel Dennis, who made himself so popular with the deaf of the State by his presence and cheering words at the convention last July. They will also attend the convention. The deaf of the entire State extend to Colonel Dennis a pressing invitation to be present at our August meeting, and sincerely hope he can accept it.

The Misses Painter are at their home in Warren County. They will visit their sister at Elkton this summer.

Miss Gracie Lawrence is still at the home of her parents in Norfolk. She expects to be in Staunton during the convention.

Miss May Barrow will certainly be at the convention. A host of admirers will no doubt be pleased to hear this.

Miss Ola Moore, of Danville, is also expected to grace the convention hall by her presence, as is likewise Miss Mecca Harvey of the same city. Miss Mecca will be remembered as the young lady who created quite a sensation at the last convention by declaring she would insist on the lady members paying a membership fee as well as the gentlemen. Her remarks brought down the house with applause.

Misses Ida Stinespring and Beekie Diggs, of Fluvanna County, are also expected to be at the convention.

THE CONVENTION.

Chairman Michaels has issued his circular giving information to those intending to attend the convention. He has secured reduced railroad rates on all lines in the state. Those who attend will pay full fare going to Staunton and one cent per mile returning home—that is about four cents per mile. The ladies will occupy the girls' division of the Institution, and the gentlemen the west wing or boys' division. The expected excursion to Luray has not been announced, though by no means has it been given up. It will be kept as a sort of surprise for all, we presume. The banquet will take place in the spacious dining room at 10 o'clock on Tuesday night, the 16th. Toasts are to be responded to by distinguished mutes.

It is expected that two hundred and fifty deaf-mutes will be present and a royal good time is assured to all.

THE CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RAILROAD.

We seize this opportunity to tell the two hundred and fifty deaf-mutes who will attend the convention, that the best thing for them to do before leaving their homes is to make arrangements to reach the nearest station on the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway, and there board the train for Staunton. The conductors on this popular road are very courteous to the deaf, and especially is Capt. Fitz and Capt. George Wright, two of the best known and most reliable ticket punchers on that road. Agent James Ker, Jr., is well known to the deaf generally, having been the agent at Staunton for a good many years. He will give information to those who wish to be informed as to the connection of trains at changing points on their return trip, as will also Major Woodward.

AS TO OFFICERS.

The deaf generally are warned that

their association will need the strong support of the best men to act in the capacity of President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer, and that they should give their votes only to men who have the future welfare of the association at heart. President Michaels is not a candidate for reelection, but we must insist upon his serving for another year. The association is now on a strong basis, and there is no fear of its disbanding, but caution should be used in the selection of its officers. Three Vice-Presidents should be elected—two of them ladies; one secretary and one treasurer will do for the present, though two secretaries would very much lighten the work of one. It is with pleasure that we announce that there is no rivalry in our association. If new officers are elected to all the positions, they will go in with the hearty support of the retiring officers. But, again, we warn the deaf not to give their support to those who seek any particular office, and above all, not to give their support to those from outside the state for officers. While we have no prejudice against non-residents, yet we are in no position to trust the reigns of our newborn association into their hands just now.

Those who propose to attend should arrive in Staunton, Monday or early in the morning of Tuesday, August 16th, and be prepared to remain for three days at least. All who attend, can board at the Institution for the small sum of fifty cents per day.

Let the deaf of the State turn out *en masse*—a royal good time will be had.

RITTER.

DEAF-MUTE EDUCATION IN GREAT BRITAIN.

AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN DESCRIBES THE SYSTEM AND INCIDENTALLY HAS A FEW WORDS ON THE "ROYAL COMMISSION."

The *Chicago Herald* of Monday, July 11th, contained an item as follows:—

"Fifty-two children were candidates for admission to the London School for Deaf-Mutes, of whom twenty-three were elected."

An intelligent gentleman of this city, whose contributions to the JOURNAL furnish our readers with plenty of information and amusement, was giving me a call one evening last week, when I showed him the above paragraph. With a surprised and startled look, he exclaimed, "What does it mean?"

I told him, and he, thinking that others would likewise be interested, requested me to send a few words to the JOURNAL for publication, that the deaf of the United States might feel still more pride in their institutions, and the flag they live under.

It is well known that every State of the Union recognizing that education is the safeguard of our commonwealth, has also provided for the education and maintenance of the deaf, by founding schools and institutions and liberally endowing them with all the latest improvements for the moral and physical welfare of the children; and a noble band of men and women, highly educated and well remunerated, are engaged in the work of tuition. Our neighbors in the North, the land of the beaver and the moose, of tobogganning and snowshoes, have also followed in this matter, as in many others, the example of Uncle Sam; and how each province in the Dominion of Canada, boasts of a State-school for the deaf, as well equipped and officered as with us.

In England a different system prevails. When the schools for the deaf-mutes were started some half-century since, the government did not think the education of its people, whether mutes or hearing, was a matter to concern themselves about. In fact, the majority of the so-called "upper classes" and "aristocracy" were afraid, and had been for centuries, that if the people were educated it would be "the ruin of England," that is, of themselves and their privileges. But fortunately there were many private individuals who, blessed with means, thought the best use they could put their wealth to, was to educate their less fortunate countrymen; and thus many noble and most ancient of the educational institutions of England had their rise, as the great university cities of Oxford and Cambridge and of others doing equally good work, though of lesser renown. The endowments of these great schools were originally intended to assist poor scholars, but in course of time, the selfishness of the rich and powerful prevailed, and the poor, having no one to champion their interests, were gradually despoiled of their rights and privileges.

Well, to return to the schools for the deaf, these have also been endowed more or less liberally by the "voluntary contributions" of charitably disposed people, and by legacies left by others from pious motives, or from a desire to propitiate St. Peter. The inception of these schools was invariably the same; a young man, more or less conversant with the system of mute instruction, would start a class with a few people, in some thickly populated city; the interest of the clergy and citizens would be aroused, and with the assistance of these friends, public meetings would be called and money guaranteed for the teacher's salary and more or less provision made for the maintenance of the pupils. The work would grow from year to year, and in course of time some of the schools would be

well provided for. But the principal's life would be one of comparative hardship, and very irksome to a sensitive mind. He has often to spend more time in writing begging letters and appeals for help for the school than he can devote to the work of superintendence. He is also under a "committee" who are chosen from among those who are contributors" to the school funds, and this is sometimes very galling. Economy is insisted upon, and as the work is considered a "charity," the unfortunate children are regarded as being little better than paupers, and are treated accordingly. And herein lies one of the most vicious factors that retard the education or mental development of the average English deaf-mute.

As I have just remarked, the salary of the principal is fixed by the committee, and generally it is not over large. In order, however, that he may have a chance to increase it, he is permitted to take an unlimited number of "private pupils." These come from the ranks of the "middle classes," their parents are able to pay a fee for their board and education. They take their lessons in school with the *semi-pauperized* children, but invariably have their meals with the principal or his assistants, and are provided with better accommodation than the other children; consequently they regard themselves as a privileged class, and are so regarded by the others, but, as in this country, mental gifts level all distinction, so it sometimes happens that the "poor" children are brighter and are often most fitted for a career of manly independence, when they have left school, than all the others. I have frequently, when in the old country, been amused by a question bluntly asked of me by a stranger mate, who in his general make up both of mind and person, may be called an English "dude." "Are you a gentleman?" This to him does not signify an honorable man, or one who by application and industry has raised himself to a position of comparative comfort, but it means, "did your friends pay for your schooling; and are you living without doing any work!!!"

This reminds me of a story an English lady is reported to have asked a young American: "Have you any gentlemen in your country?"

"What do you mean by gentlemen," asked the American.

"Those who do not work for their living." "Oh! yes; we have plenty of that kind, but we call them *tramps*."

And that is true enough; so it shows our English mutes' education is still defective, if he considers a gentleman cannot be one who works. The dignity of labor is not understood, and that is the fault of his environment all through his school life, and has worked, and does work, him infinite mischief.

But to proceed. The superintendent's salary being so limited that he has to increase in the way I have just pointed out, what shall be said of his assistants. Their stipend or wages has invariably been of such a ridiculously small amount, that it would scarcely suffice for years to clothe them decently without the help of friends. And as for a male assistant teacher getting married and having a home, on his salary, such a thing is almost unheard of, consequently the standard from which assistants have been recruited is of very little educational value, and educated young men would not care to engage in such unremunerative employment. This is not as it should be. Cheap labor in school has been productive of much harm in many ways, and the less said about it here the better.

The hopes of the more intelligent deaf and a few of the most enlighten of the teachers, for many years, have been directed to investigating the education of the deaf with a greater amount of attention from the Government.

Petitions have been sent to Parliament from the friends of the deaf—"praying" as the custom is for an "inquiry." At last a member of Parliament, Mr. Woodall, made it the principal object of his congressional career to consider himself as the mouthpiece of the deaf. Through his persistency in telling Parliament that they were very remiss in providing for the necessary education of the afflicted, and with the aid of some other men of influence, the Tory government of nearly ten years ago came to the conclusion that they would render themselves more popular by acceding to the demand of the friends of the deaf. Instead of simply calling in some of the most prominent teachers, or sending one capable and reliable man to make investigations in other countries, a "Royal Commission" was appointed with a great flourish of trumpets. The English Government, our President, sometimes has the necessity of providing a fat place for an influential supporter, who has been or is capable of rendering indirectly good service, but whose intellect is not of the order to make an envoy or ambassador of. Therefore, the "Royal Commission" came on the nick of time for giving an office to one whose great wealth, and broad acres, his influence over a community of farmers and miners, was of much use. "His Lordship" was appointed Chairman with a big salary. He had his secretaries and clerks. A suite of official rooms was also provided. Then a commission was added. Certain gentlemen "with a pull" on the Government, or with a favorable recommendation from the Queen, were enabled to "sit on the commission." They were also enabled to draw a comfortable quarterly

cheque, and without worrying about their personal expenses. Everything being in good order, invitations, or "commands" were issued to principals of schools, and others to come to London for "examination." A new era was inaugurated. The deaf were enraptured. A number of those who had been in the van in working among the mutes, leading classes, and performing missionary duties, were most anxious to be examined, and were full of schemes to show the commissioners how easy it would be to arrange everything in short order.

The plan invariably was "the American System" or something analogous.

I recollect one of my friends, a Mr. Healey, of Liverpool, who is known over the length and breadth of England for his long and zealous services on behalf of the deaf, without remuneration. He had prepared himself with an exhaustive account of what he considered his experience had taught him. He was "summoned," and after waiting several days in London (his expenses paid by the commission) he was accorded a hearing, which lasted less than a minute, "as the commissioners were too busy to attend to him." This is one example out of many. Then when the commissioners had exhausted themselves and their witnesses in London, they voted the next thing to do was to make a tour of all the schools for the mutes and the blind in the British Isles. Of course this was not during the winter time, and such a glorious opportunity for an inexpensive trip of several months duration was not to be sneezed at. Mrs. Commissioner accompanied Mr. Commissioner, when it was practicable. There was plenty to see besides how the dumb were taught, you may be sure. The Summer Resorts were in their glory, and a needed rest was necessary at brief intervals. Then the cathedrals, the castles and lordly homes of England, could be taken in as well as the schools for the blind. Bye and bye the autumn came and the cold winds of October. It was time to return to headquarters, and patch up our "reports." This occupied the winter, I believe, and with the advent of the flowers in Spring, trips were projected to Italy, Austria, Hungary, Germany, Norway, Belgium, Holland, and France, all in the interest of the English deaf-mute. More "Reports" have been made, and submitted to the Government and religiously "pigeonholed." The salaries of the noble commissioners have not been forgotten, and from a very recent compilation of those who may attend the World's Fair, I see the names *en-bloc* of my friends, the Royal Commissioners, so I presume after the lapse of ten years, they are still "reporting."

Meanwhile the education of the English mute has progressed as far as it would have my lords of the Royal Commission never existed.

So we read in the *Chicago Herald* of Monday, July 11th:—

"Fifty-two children were candidates for admission to the London School for Deaf-Mutes, of whom twenty-three were elected."

Now it is safe to say that had the government appointed one honest man to enquire into the needs of the deaf and the Blind of England, to have made the schools of Britain the most efficient in the world, would not have required more outlay to put them on a permanent basis than what has been spent by my lords the commissioners in their combined trip of the "Innocents abroad."

ROBERT E. BRAY.

CHICAGO.

A SAD ANNOUNCEMENT.

DEAF-MUTES' UNION LEAGUE, NEW YORK CITY, July 23, 1892.

DEAR JOURNAL:—It becomes my sad duty of informing the deaf-mute public that our late fellow-member, Mr. Mortimer B. Howe, came to his death by drowning, through heart disease, in the Shrewsbury River, near Red Bank, N. J., on Wednesday, July 20th, 1892. The news of his demise was a shock that knew no bounds to us, who have learned to love him for his well known quiet disposition and unassuming qualities, and to honor him for his upright and unblemished character. That he was borne away in blooming manhood, it is the saddest circumstance we can think of that would inflict on human life. He had been a member in good standing for several years, and had a promising career before him. His departure was but one of many Divine mysteries, and to whose wisdom we all must submit.

A delegation of the Union League accompanied the funeral last Saturday afternoon from St. Ann's Church, where Dr. Gallaudet officiated, to Greenwood Cemetery, in which his remains were interred. May his ashes lie in peace.

By order of the President,
SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM,
Secretary.

Two deaf-mutes named Alex. Dinsell and Maggie L. Kelly, formerly pupils of the Malone Institution, are married and residing near Standish, N. Y. A few weeks ago, they were made parents by the birth of a baby girl.

Miss Evangeline Kelly, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Kelly, formerly pupils of the Malone Institution, are married and residing near Standish, N. Y. A few weeks ago, they were made parents by the birth of a baby girl.

Chas. L. Lashbrook took a spin on his wheel at Governor's and Halesboro last Sunday, facing the wind the distance of forty-five miles, and spent some time in Canton, at Fair Creek and in Richville on that trip.—*Norwood, N. Y., News*.

WORLD'S FAIR CITY.

The World's Congress of Deaf-Mutes.

OVERTURES FOR PEACE.

From our Chicago correspondent.
The sample letter appended below will explain itself.

[Dictated.]

WORLD'S CONGRESS HEADQUARTERS,
CHICAGO, U. S. A., July 22, 1892.

Mr. G. T. Dougherty, 6028 Dearborn Street,
DEAR SIR:—By direction of Hon. Charles C. Bonney, President of the World's Congress Auxiliary, I have the honor to inform you that upon recommendation of Dr. Philip G. Gillett, Chairman of the Committee of the World's Congress Auxiliary on a Congress of Education of the Deaf and Dumb, you have been appointed chairman of the Committee on a Congress of Deaf-Mutes. This committee is a section of which Dr. Gillett is chairman, in the General Department of Education. The members of the committee are as follows:

J. E. Gallaher, 317 S. Robey Street.
O. H. Regensburg, 3424 Wabash Avenue.
C. C. Codman, 437 West Park Avenue.
Jacques Low, 3445 Arthur Avenue.

Please favor me with your early acceptance and oblige.
Very respectfully yours,
CLARENCE E. YOUNG,
Assistant Secretary.

The appointment of committees are in order, the most important of which is the committee on programme. The most prominent deaf-mutes of the land will be assigned to this. The address and list of members on the Advisory Council have been prepared and are now in the hands of President Bonney. Dr. Gillett in a conference with this committee said: "The magnitude of this undertaking is hard to realize. I estimate your attendance fully one thousand deaf-mutes."

The members of the original committee of arrangements of the Illinois Alumni Association have made overtures for peace to the new committee. Mr. W. I. Tilton, their representative, came to Chicago on this special mission and induced Rev. Mr. Cloud to go to Jacksonville at their own expense, for the purpose of holding an informal conference. It was agreed (subject, of course, to the approval of both committees) to merge both committees into one, and make such additions as to give equal representation to both sides, and to postpone the reunion to the summer of 1894. It is not known what action the new committee will take at this, but they are receiving protests from all places, voicing fully fifty of the Alumni, against any postponement. A meeting in seven years is regarded as too long an interval. Again, the local committee have almost perfected arrangements, and persons on the program have commenced writing their papers. A postponement will cause feelings of disgust.

Apologies of the quarrel, Mr. D. W. George replies to the demand for his resignation:

JACKSONVILLE, ILL., July 18, 1892.
MISS GRACE RHODES:

Secretary Mass Meeting, Chicago.
Your letter requesting me "by order of Oscar H. Regensburg, Chairman" to resign my membership in the Alumni Association, and the office of secretary of the same is before me.

The premises stated in your letter are not in accordance with my understanding of the facts, and I cannot consider for a moment the idea of abandoning the interests committed to me by the association.

Respectfully,
D. W. GEORGE,
Secretary Illinois Alumni Association.

"The premises stated are not in accordance with my understanding of the facts" is explained in a letter of the same tenor to Miss Roper, Secretary of the mass meeting in St. Louis. He says: "My election was in accord with a precedent in the case of the late Prof. Selah Wait, a graduate of the New York Institution." May it please his "majesty," he is mixing the Wait Literary Society with the Association. Mr. Jas. E. Gallaher and Mrs. Sylvia Balis were secretaries during the second reunion. Granting the point he raises, still it must have been before the constitution.

The arrangements for the banquet to be tendered by the college men in Chicago are fairly under way. Dr. E. A. Fay will probably also attend. The Committee of Arrangements are Messrs. Sansom, '80, Dougherty, '82, and Regensburg, '90.

Mr. Chas. T. Sullivan is now "boss" in one of the largest machine shops in the city. He has been thirty-three years in the trade. Mr. Fred L. Peak, of New York State, can hear something to his advantage by sending his address to Mr. Gotthamer, 3002 State Street, Chicago.

Tickets are out to a private excursion on board the "John A. Dix," on Saturday, July 30th. Mr. C. C. Codman is in charge.

Rev. Job Turner is the first of those who attend the conferences to pass through Chicago. He came from New Orleans, and assisted Dr. Gillett in the services at the Methodist Church.

Louis Kirst, a baseball enthusiast, wants to arrange a baseball tour around the world with Manager Codman's men. Codman says, "Thankee. Not muchee."

Ira Kellar, of Indianapolis, arrived here Sunday, and at once secured a position as carpenter.

Mr. Buchan attended the funeral of George Robinson, of Sycamore, Ex-President of the Board of Charities of Illinois. Mr. Robinson was the father of Mr. Buchan's first wife.

A baseball match was played with the Excelsiors recently, and at the

end of five innings they threw up the sponge. The score was:

INNINGS	1	2	3	4	5
PAS-A-PAS	3	5	7	0	x-15
EXCELSIORS	2	0	0	0	3-5

Dr. Gillett announces that the railroads will charge \$12 for the round trip from Chicago to Colorado Springs. He thinks there may be a further cut. Phew, what's the world coming to? RASCO.

HOOSICK FALLS, N. Y.

DEAR JOURNAL:—I think I have been neglecting your columns most shamefully of late, and I beg to be excused for my long silence, and as I have some good things to write about I will go ahead.

I took in the Troy-Albany excursion on the 18th, and had a most delightful time. I had the pleasure of a chat with "M. M. T.," whom I consider a fine specimen of an American giant, although he is as gentle as a lamb. He reminded my mother of a friend of her's who was killed by being run over by the horse-cars in Bridgeport, Conn., some time ago.

I met my classmate, Edward C. Lortie, of Whitehall, N. Y., and also Eddie Curtis, of Malone, but was disappointed at not seeing Messrs. Stephenson, Russell, Gero, Siddon, Santo, Eaton and Santinaw. It was unnecessary to expect any girls from the Malone School, because they all live so far from Troy that it would be impossible for them to get there alone.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Millman attended the excursion, and remained in Troy a few days, visiting Mr. Harrison Burt. At the excursion, Mrs. Millman's dress caught fire from a cigar (which some careless person had thrown on the deck of the steamer), and was badly burned, before it was discovered. Her husband spied it and grasped it in his hand, and smothered the flame. His hand was burned quite badly. He has only one arm.

Miss Katie Eaton, of Troy, is in town, visiting Mrs. Millman. Yesterday, "Dame Trot" went up to see them, and spent the day in pleasant conversation. Mr. Millman, as usual, persisted in keeping us in an uproar by his funny stories and jokes, and whenever the dame had a pain in her side, he would want to know if she was going to die.

Edward C. Lortie, of Whitehall, N. Y., came up with his classmate, Hattie M. Cummings, and spent a few days at her pretty home on Church Street. He started for Gloversville Thursday afternoon, to visit his sister.

At 10 p.m., Monday night, after the excursionists returned to Troy, Mrs. N. O. Wilcox and her daughter, Hattie M. Cummings, lost their train for Hoosick Falls, and were obliged to spend the night at the Revere Hotel. Ed. C. Lortie, who was going to visit them, wished to do the same, but L. G. Smith told him he could go to his home and remain until morning, and Mr. Lortie consented to go. Mr. Smith got another deaf-mute named Shantz, to drive them to his home at Sandlake, and so they started off. When about a mile from Troy, the carriage broke down, and all three fellows were dumped unmercifully into the mud. Lortie smashed some chocolate candy which "Dame Trot" had put into his pocket for safe keeping, and when the poor ill-fated mortal went hunting for his handkerchief to wipe the mud off his face and hands, he quickly drew out his hand covered with the melted mess of candy, and it made him mad.

Smith gave Shantz a good blowing-over, and sent him off after another rig, and they proceeded on their journey, reaching Sandlake at two the next morning. That they had a glorious time, no one will deny, and Mr. Lortie looked much refreshed when he arrived at the depot at 8 a.m., to start for Hoosick Falls with Miss Cummings and her mother.

Another funny incident happened on the cars, when near the Johnsonville station. Miss Cummings stood up to smooth out her dress, and Mr. Lortie espied three good, unused matches entangled in the fringe of her sash. It created much laughter among themselves, but Hattie thinks she narrowly escaped being roasted alive.

Ed. Curtis was in town a few days, visiting his aunt and cousins. He attended the Temple-of-Honor Excursion of this place Thursday.

Mr. Millman is a member of the Temple-of-Honor of this place, and he is a deaf-mute. How nice it would be if more deaf-mutes would join such organizations, and win the respect of all their townsmen, and of the ladies, who always admire a steady, industrious deaf-mute.

A fire broke out in the Rev. Mr. Datlock's house (three doors from my home) on Friday morning. The hired girl had gone out and left the oil-stove burning, and it exploded, and the whole back part of the house, including the kitchen, woodshed, pantry, china-closet, hall and a bedroom, was entirely ruined. The girl's clothing and all of her money was consumed in the flames, and she was well punished for her carelessness. She feels very sorry, but will not be discharged. The whole family were away at the time of the fire.

Ed. C. Lortie and "Dame Trot" went to Clay Hill to visit little Warren Phillips, Wednesday evening. We found the family all well, except the mother, and her husband was "keeping house," and, as is always the case when man is alone, it looked like a bachelor's den.

DAME TROT,

COLUMBUS.

Summer Flittings.

A DEAF BOY'S ESCAPE.

(From our Columbus Correspondent.)

Superintendent and Mrs. Knott, to the regret of their many friends here, will sever their connection with the Institution, Monday next. They will go to Ashland, Ohio, to spend a short time with relatives before taking up their residence in Wooster, of which place Mr. Knott has been chosen to Superintendent of the Public Schools. Grandma Knott, on Wednesday, left the Institution for Ashland.

Mrs. William G. Lindsey, nee Luetta Kinney, of Detroit, will make a visit to Columbus next week. During her stay, she will be the guest of Miss Carrie M. Feasley.

Mrs. J. C. Kerr, formerly Miss Mattie C. Noyes, who at one time was a teacher in the Institution here, is on a visit to friends in the city. She is a missionary to Canton, China.

Monday afternoon last Miss Feasley entertained a few friends at her home in honor of her handsome guest, Mrs. Frank R. Terry, of San Francisco, nee Fanny D. Stanley, of Portland, Oregon. Mrs. Terry left the next day for New York, from whence she sailed for Europe to remain abroad for a year.

There was a large excursion from Dayton last Sunday to Columbus. Three of the "Gem City" mutes came along—viz., Messrs. McIlvain, Bates and Kraus. The first named returned the same evening as his foreman could not spare him from his case. He works in the Sutherland Publishing House. Mr. Bates tarried a day longer. Probably he has an eye on one of the fair sex in the state bindery. Judging from his appearance, he has been doing very well at his occupation, lastmaker. We were glad to note the change for the better that has come over him since we last met him. Mr. Kraus concluded to remain in Columbus for a while at least. He has been given employment in the Progressive Publishing Co. establishment, where he will have as company Mr. Fred Schwartz.

Ex-Steward and Mrs. Williams, and Master Carl have returned from their camping season in Coshocton, County. Mr. Williams was much benefited by the change, all of which his many friends rejoice to hear.

Miss Ella McPeck returned from her saddened home, Thursday. Her mother died, Friday of last week, a few hours before Ella reached home. She had been sick a long time from what we are told was cancer.

Mrs. R. P. McGregor with the two youngest children left for Cleveland Thursday morning. She will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Christian Meyer during her stay there of a week or fortnight. She will attend the picnic given by the "Forest City" mutes to-day. We are informed another affair of the same kind will be given August 6th. Mr. William H. Zorh will be a participant of the picnic to-day.

A friend in Cleveland sends us the following from the *Cleveland World*:

RAN AWAY FROM SCHOOL.
THE ESCAPE OF A DEAF AND DUMB BOY—CONCEALING HIS IDENTITY.

A deaf and dumb boy of 17 years gave the infirmaries officials an amount of trouble Monday afternoon. He lodged two days at a cheap boarding-house on Michigan Street, and finding he had no money, the proprietor turned him over to the police, who took him to the infirmaries office.

There, a man who knew the deaf and dumb signs tried to talk with the boy, but he didn't know the signs. Storekeeper Schriener discovered that the boy was German, and he wrote on a piece of paper in that language, "What is your name?"

The deaf-mute wrote in reply, "I am seventeen years old." Schriener then wrote, "Where do you live?" The boy sat down and covered the paper with the words, "Where do you live?" At length he wrote the words, "Monroe Street." A policeman went to a house on that street, where there was another deaf-mute, and he was directed to another house in Seymour Avenue.

At this place it was found that a carpenter named Schutenberg had a deaf and dumb boy in the Asylum for Deaf-Mutes at Columbus. Schutenberg went over to the infirmaries office, and found that the boy there was his son. The lad had left the school, and tramped all the way to this city.

It is evidently a bad habit, the consequences of his escape and refrained from telling who he was and where his home was.

There is a mistake about the pupil having been at school here, we have looked carefully over the catalogue, and no such name appears. Another thing we are positive no pupil here ran away from school near the close of school. It is probable the boy attended some other school, more likely the one at Buffalo.

Mrs. A. B. Greener and three of the children, and Mrs. John A. Lynn and son, are off this morning for a two weeks' visit or more to Mr. and Mrs. John Stodder near Wellington, Ohio.

Mrs. George Bloek and child left last Saturday for an extended stay with her parents, near Cambridge, O. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Scott, with the former's parents, left Saturday for Manitow Beach, about forty miles north of Toledo. It is hoped the lake breeze there will prove beneficial to Mr. Scott's health, and that he will soon be fully restored to his former self. Since leaving here a couple of weeks ago, but a slight change in his condition had occurred. The doctor is of the opinion that with proper care Mr. Scott can be cured.

July 23, '92.

TEXAS.

W. A. Barnes, a well known deaf-mute, went to the little town of Blooming Grove, Tex., where he paid attention to the grand deaf-mute picnic and reunion, July 4th and 5th.

Miss Alice Davis, deaf-mute, has been visiting friends at Blooming Grove for the past two weeks. Left here for Mart.

Mr. J. J. Davis and four sons returned home from a pleasant visit to the deaf-mutes in Blooming Grove two weeks ago.

It was rumored that there were eighty-seven deaf-mutes at the grand picnic and reunion at Blooming Grove on the 4th to 7th of this month. Preparations were being made to celebrate at the same time by the deaf-mute picnic and reunion.

A deaf-mute named Mr. Alexander Barres, of Lampasas, returned home from a pleasant visit to his best girl recently. He had an excellent time.

Willie Hamilton, of Hillboro, is engaged to be married to Miss Sallie Taylor. They are both deaf-mutes.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Bradley, who are living in Hillboro, went up to Blooming Grove for a few days' visit with their deaf-mute friends.

Chandler Mattison's folks moved to Nashville, Tenn., from Texas recently.

W. A. Ramsey, who is working on his large farm in Lometa, Tex., came up here for two days' business.

Some boys talk about subscribing for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL soon. They like to read the many good events in the JOURNAL, which will make them wise.

NEW SUBSCRIBER.

FROM REV. JOB TURNER.

NEW ORLEANS, July 15, 1892.

MY DEAR MR. HODGSON.—I am sorry to have to announce to you the decease of the wife of Daniel P. Marcy, Esq., one of the graduates of the New York Institution. I am told that her death was sudden. She was not a mute, but she could spell on her fingers well. I deeply sympathize with him in his irreparable bereavement. She had a sweet disposition.

During his stay in this city, Dr. Gallaudet went to see Mr. and Mrs. Marcy with me. We passed one night under their hospitable roof.

I left Staunton last Wednesday afternoon, and arrived here this (Friday) morning. I shall hold a service next Sunday afternoon. I expect to be back in Staunton next Wednesday, in order to make some arrangements to take a long journey to the West.

Yours sincerely,
JOB TURNER.

MRS. BALIS PROTESTS.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I decidedly object to the indiscriminate use that is made of my name in the various deaf-mute papers, some of which I have seen, others of which I have been informed, regarding my position in the Illinois Association troubles.

The facts are: Upon the first information of trouble over the programme, I wrote both the President and one of the Committee proposing to resign as orator unless I received assurance of my acceptability by the majority.

A day or so later a paper was sent me containing the revised programme signed by Mr. George.

Taking that as an assurance my name and paper were accepted by the majority, and receiving other assurance besides, I soon after withdrew my proposed resignation.

I have firm friends upon both sides in this trouble, and it has often been a painful and difficult task for me to decide who were right and who wrong.

The condemning of Dr. Gillett on a supposition or a suspicion is not to be lightly passed over. I am firmly convinced that while he regrets exceedingly this trouble, and may refuse to give his countenance to one side or the other, he is in no manner intentionally responsible for the actions of the Committee at Jacksonville. He is one of the noblest and best friends the deaf of America ever had or ever will have, and it behooves "his children" to praise rather than doubt him.

SYLVIA C. BALIS.

CANADA INST. D & D.

Brooklyn Society's Picnic.

We respectfully invite your attention to a few words. We want to speak about our coming picnic. Bear in mind that our picnic will take place on Saturday afternoon, July 30th, at Euler's Washington Park.

The park on Broadway corner Chauncey Street, is well known to every body. It is easy of access by street cars or elevated trains. The park is well equipped for every thing the people want, and is lighted by electric lights. Efforts are being used to make the occasion a grand and enjoyable time. We invite you all to come and take a share in our glorious festivities on Saturday night. The Brooklyn Society needs money, and depends upon the deaf for support. Everything has been prepared, so that any person is safe to go in and enjoy a day's pleasure. Gates open at 2 o'clock p.m. Excellent music is furnished. Come one! Come all!

Admission, 25 cents. See the advertisement on the four page.

JAMES S. ORR, Chairman.

BORN.

To Mr. and Mrs. Frank Keller, of Fair Haven, N. Y., July 23d, a girl. Weight six pounds. Mrs. Keller will be remembered by some of our readers as Miss Ella Sprague, of Rochester, N. Y.

ST. LOUIS.

Prof. Gross on "Michel Strogoff."

GOOD INTENTIONS BUT BAD RESULTS.

From our St. Louis Correspondent.

"Michel Strogoff, Courier to the Czar of Russia," was the subject of an interesting lecture delivered by Henry Gross, A.B., of Fulton, Mo., at the club-room last Saturday night.

About fifty were present, a goodly number, considering the short time the Lecture Committee had to announce the date. The lecture was an intensely interesting narrative of how the Nihilists were undergoing cruel persecution in the provinces of Siberia, illustrating the many fearful incidents and reverses couriers were always subject to while getting through usurping countries in the service of the Russian Government. Talking socially with each other took up the time after the lecture. Hot discussion on two sides on the split of the Illinois Reunion was freely indulged in by many who manifest a keen interest in the affair. The result of the mass meeting in Chicago was given due attention, and was partially, if not wholly, endorsed by the alumni in St. Louis.

The disclosures made by "Rasco" in his letter last week, referring to the Read case, were a surprise to us, being totally unexpected. "Rasco" failed to give mention that before negotiations were broached for the purchase of the \$200 portrait, Kerr insisted upon the management's giving him a raise in salary, and got it. It was upon a Sunday morning in February, 1891, that Frank Read, accompanied by his son, came into Genelli's office and asked to be given prices and samples of art. He was shown some, and by contract ordered a painting of Dr. Gillett, 6x4 feet, the legs to be omitted. The frame was then chosen, with gilding a foot wide. He then deposited \$50, and left.

Before the above were ordered, he had written the following letter to Mr. Kerr, which is given below:

JACKSONVILLE, ILL., Feb. 7, 1891.

MR. MARCUS KERR,
DEAR SIR:—I expect that I will give you a \$200 job. As soon as I get Dr. Gillett's picture, I will mail two pictures to your employer that they may be combined into another picture. I will make a contract with him when I arrive in your city.

Please keep it a secret. Do not let the deaf-mutes in your city know what we are doing. I have received only \$50, but if I do not get \$200, I will pay \$200 myself. But since I have got \$50, I will pay \$150 out of my private purse. You understand that I am responsible for the contract. Yours truly,

FRANK READ.

The words, "I am responsible for the contract," bear sufficient evidence to show that he is still the responsible person of the whole undertaking, and will have to pay the rest anyhow. After the scheme had been detected by Dr. Gillett, as "Rasco" has already stated, Mr. Read, in a state of unabating wrath, sent the following to Mr. Genelli:

JACKSONVILLE, ILL., March 12, 1891.

MR. GENELLI,
DEAR SIR:—Your favor of the 9th was duly received.

You should have at once countermanded the order for the frame when we found we could not carry out our plan. I notified you without delay. If you persist in having it made, you can use it for some other person, as with your extensive business there must be constant demands for frames of various sizes. I hope you will at once return my money, as I cannot afford to lose it. My salary is small and my family large. Yours truly,

FRANK READ.

The above was written in reply to Mr. Genelli, who refused to cancel the order for the picture, and asked what should be done with the costly frame that was ordered from Chicago. Kerr was working on the picture when the above letter was received. Then work on it was suspended, and it was stored away in the studio. The management told Kerr that they could not sell the frame ordered by Read, as dimensions of pictures vary, and it would be a loss for them to keep it. The closing sentences in Read's letter about his inability to meet the expenses, were powerless to secure the cancellation of the order. They still refuse to return him the \$50, and are waiting patiently for the rest, \$150.

Mr. Kerr then wrote a letter to Dr. Gillett, explaining the situation, and received the following reply in short-hand:

SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE,
JACKSONVILLE, ILL., Mar. 21, 1891.

MR. H. KERR,
DEAR SIR:—Your favor of the 18th inst. arrived here during my absence. Upon my return home, I hasten to reply.

I accidentally learned that some of my friends were preparing to have my portrait made and presented on the 35th anniversary of my administration of this Institution. I was not consulted about it and do not wish it done. I am altogether too young and inexperienced, and my work is not completed. It may be that when I have wound up my career, my friends will not so fully approve of my life work as they do now, and may such honorarium as they propose at this time is entirely premature, and I cannot consent to it. The intentions of Mr. Read were no doubt the best, and I sincerely appreciate his very kind feeling. I immediately notified Mr. Read of my position, and urged him to cancel any order he had made, which I understand he did to Mr. Genelli. Mr. Genelli could very easily have cancelled his order for the frame and picture, and ought to have done so. It is very small of him not to do so, as it was no fault of Mr. Read's that he did not carry out his plan. I do not know what your contract with Mr. Genelli may be, but you have done no work on this for him, he ought not to think of discounting you in any way for prospective profits. Such a procedure might do very well for a Shylock, but there is no honorable business

principle involved in it. Perhaps Mr. Genelli can bulldoze you and Mr. Read, but he cannot bulldoze me. I am very sorry for any disappointment that may come to both you and Mr. Read. Yours truly,
PHILIP G. GILLETT.

[Signed.]

Kerr, indignant at this rude state of affairs, consulted a lawyer, and was told that work on contracts "half-done" should not be considered void; it must be finished and handed over to the consignee, who will have, under bound of contract, to pay the full value specified therein. We are told on good authority that Mr. Genelli has instructed Mr. Kerr to finish his work on Dr. Gillett's picture. Kerr did not enter into agreement with Genelli as Genelli stated, but demanded an advance in his salary by virtue of giving them a \$200 job. If Mr. Read does not keep his promise to pay the remaining \$150, Kerr's salary will be cut down one-third to make up for their loss. Kerr, however, will stick to the agreement, and finish the picture. If Read will not take it, he will either have it placed on exhibition at the World's Fair, or lend it to the Pas-a-Pas Club, in 1893.

Thos. Brown and other members of Union No. 4 in sympathy with the strikers at Homestead, Pa., have contributed \$5 each for their financial aid.

Mr. Kingon's brother Alfred is now a prosperous cigarmaker, in Dallas, Tex.

Misses Maguire, Cecile Mahon and her sister, all of Alton, Ill., are visiting in the city.

At last the Olympic Baseball Club has scored a victory. Last week they met the Saratogas for the second time, the same club that slaughtered them 24 to 4 some time ago, on a suburban lot. It was for \$18 a side, and with the aid of six hearing boys, together with Capt. Brown, Campbell and Gibbons, they won the game, 11 to 5. Brown is jubilant over the victory, and if reports are true, proposes to meet them again for \$40 a side, on August 6th.

Mr. Joseph Burns, a perfect farmer in appearance, dropped into St. Louis last Sunday from his home in Alma, Ill., and was pleasantly greeted by his Illinois acquaintances, with whom he spent a short time recalling boyhood days.

Mr. Curtis Thomas, a well known mute of Cincinnati, taking advantage of the low excursion rates, came over here Sunday morning. He spent the afternoon at the club, and that he is pleased with St. Louis is shown by his desire to get work and settle down here. Being a cigarmaker, he is assured that his wish will be soon be gratified.

Miss Valentina Householder's mother has gone to Pittsburg, Pa., and Valentina is now staying with Mr. and Mrs. Sutter.

The Mission for Catholic Deaf-Mutes, inaugurated not long ago in a convent on Cass Avenue, was attended by some thirty deaf-mutes last Sunday. Father McDonald told how Jesus fed the multitude, a teacher of the school interpreting for the benefit of the deaf.

In the Second Police Court recently, Judge Paxson imposed a \$10 fine upon a pugnacious woman named Pauline Kuntz, who, it is alleged, threw a knife at a little deaf-mute named Frazier, the boy receiving a deep wound in the head.

A letter was received from Mr. Froning, who is recuperating at Portage, Wis., stating that after a short visit to Milwaukee he will return to St. Louis on September 1st. His wife is with him to look after his health.

Mr. Schaub is troubled every day by persons (especially Mr. and Mrs. Kingon), who inquire if he has received a photograph of the Chicago picnic. He has not yet got one, and wants to know what's the matter with your camera, "Rasco."

TARNE.

Notice to New Hampshire Deaf-Mutes.

The Board of Officers have cheerfully consented to postpone the convention of the Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission, which was to have taken place this summer, but it would be in proximity to the forthcoming celebration at Hartford, Ct., thus giving those deaf-mutes of straitened means an advantage of it by going to take in the celebration.

I do not think there is any objection to the postponement thus far. Let all those living within the State come to Hartford. Hartford has flourished very much since they graduated from the school and is one of the richest of cities.

MRS. MINERVA FISH.

Sec'y, G. S. D. M. M.

CLEVELAND, O.

PICNIC.

FANWOOD.

A Few Words on the "Musea Domestica."

OUR "POET" IN LOVE.

Visitors of a Week—Commonplace Incidents.

(From our Fanwood Correspondent.)

If there is anything we detest, it is the fly. Incongruous creature! What would we not give to extirpate it? Never at loss to demonstrate its extraordinary affection for man, it is to him a source of the greatest annoyance. Christians abhor it, infidels loathe it. An undeniable fact is that where flies abound religion is scarce; for what man, however saintly, can resist the temptation to murder a fly. If ever perfection is to be attained in this world, it will not be by the assistance of said insect. Imagine a man awaking at dawn to find a fly on his nose, and almost dislocating that appendage in efforts to annihilate the creature. It is maddening to think of it. Do what we can, go where we will, the fly is ever near.

OUR "POET" IN LOVE.

Our "poet" on being told that his poem in last week's issue had occasioned no illness on the part of JOURNAL readers replied, "Of course not. Who'd thought I'd done took to scribbling trash?" He then presented the following ditty for publication (which we had not the heart to refuse), explaining in "tremulous tones" that it was his tribute to a lassie whom he chanced to meet recently, and who, he knew, would perceive that it was meant for her:

TO MY DARLING.

I've known you but a week or two,
A week or two—your glances tender
Have to my heart sent Cupid's dart,
My darling saint of female gender.

And tho' your name, my pretty dame,
To me you have not fully hinted,
It matters not, for on my heart,
Your dainty image is imprinted.

O! better far your features are
Than those of all the lasses, O!
I've ever seen (and this I mean)
Nor have I need of glasses, O!

And till I die, in truth, shall I
Your pretty face remember, O!
I've known you but a week or two,
Sweet saint of female gender, O!

WHAT'S-MY-NAME.

VISITORS OF A WEEK.

Mr. Harris Millard, a Pole, who resides in New York City, was a visitor here last Wednesday. He became deaf at the age of four, and since then has been wasting time and money in vain endeavors to regain it. In all, sixty-six doctors have been consulted, and \$600 expended. He hopes others will profit by his experience.

Benjamin Dennison, the agreeability of whose presence here is undeniable, paid us a short visit last Wednesday evening. "His lines are fallen in pleasant places."

Wm. Boyd, our champion 100-yards sprinter, put in appearance on Thursday. All's well with him.

Mr. Henry Greer, accompanied by his sister Maggie and friend Mr. Sharp, was here Friday. His sister, a resident of Belfast, Ireland, is spending a few months with him, and will return home in the fall. She finds America delightful.

Mr. Fred Peak and his beautiful wife stopped here for a few moments on Friday afternoon last. They were on their wedding tour. July 20th last, saw them united. Happy pair!

Our Saturday visitors were Messrs. A. Baxter, W. Kreicheldorf, W. Gilmore, W. Scott, H. Scott and L. Van Ben Schoten.

Sunday brought us the usual influx of visitors. Of those we had the pleasure to receive, the following were most noteworthy: Messrs. Harth, Rudolph, Geslin, Jacobs, G. Schmidt, Mooney, Zundel, Taylor, Koening, Wm. Long and Kreicheldorf.

T. Jameson came over from Jersey on Tuesday morning, to see the editor. He remained here till noon the next day, and then started homeward.

COMMONPLACE INCIDENTS.

Supervisor Royce returned from a few weeks' sojourn in Canada, recently.

Mr. Anthony Capelli, assistant-foreman of the JOURNAL office, left for Easton, Pa., on Wednesday last, to spend a part of his vacation with Mr. Alex. L. Pach, a former classmate of his.

Assistant-Steward Newell spent Saturday and Sunday at the residence of Mr. E. L. Peabody, our former clerk.

William S. Abrams attempted to swim across the Hudson, accompanied by a boat and occupant, on Saturday afternoon last. Owing to "tidal pressure," he was unable to accomplish his purpose, and deferred the accomplishment of the feat to some other date.

Superintendent Brainerd left for Poughkeepsie on Monday, to remain a few days.

Mrs. Henry has gone to the Catskills for a couple of weeks.

ANONYMOUS.

(Continued from 1st page.)

they made quite an imposing pile. When we had all taken our places in front of the parson, the Judge, his face wreathed in smiles, stepped forward and, taking him by the hand, said: "Parson, we ain't exactly your kind; we don't shine much in religious circles, but we are men with eyes that see and hearts that feel, and we love you; we may not be qualified to give an opinion on you as a preacher, but you bet we miners know a man when we see one. And we know you have been doing a heap of good work among the boys in camp, so we thought we would drop in and thank you and wish you a merry Christmas—you and your wife and little child. That's about it, boys, ain't it?"

"That's it," we all answered. The poor parson tried to speak, but something seemed to rise in his throat, his eyes wandered from face to face, then filled with tears; he tried once more to speak, but could not; grasping the Judge's hand and murmuring, "God bless you, boys!" he dropped his head on the Judge's shoulder and cried just like a child. Kindness was so new, so strange, to him; it all came too suddenly. But in a moment he gathered himself together and thanked us each, thanked us in a way we never shall forget. We left him then, a different man from the one who had sadly turned out the light and left the church an hour before. I was the last of the party to leave the house. A door was half open and I saw into one of the bedrooms; a woman was on her knees; a little child stood up in bed, looking with dancing eyes through a mass of yellow hair at the loaded table in the kitchen. "Boys," said the Judge, as we gathered round our fire a few minutes later—"boys, I think we raised the ante that time, raised the other crowd clean out of the game; they didn't even have a chance to draw cards; kind o' knocked the little parson all of a heap, didn't it? Well a square meal will do him good, and I guess the racket won't do any of us harm. Good night—I've got to run up to Brunton's cabin. I promised to bring his young kid some Christmas things, and I don't want to disappoint the little devil. Merry Christmas to you; God bless you all. Good night!"—and before we could stop him he was off. It was snowing very hard, the wind blew a gale, and the night promised to be the coldest of the year; the mercury was falling fast. We lingered a few minutes, chatting around the fireplace, and then tumbled into our beds, to dream of old times when we were happy boys, long, long ago.

Christmas morning dawned bright and clear; the storm had worn itself out during the night; not a cloud was to be seen; on every side the new-fallen snow lifted its pure white face, as if to receive the great message of the day from the heaven bending above. We had gathered in the dining room and were waiting for the Judge; we had decorated his armchair with flowers, brought all the way from Denver; our little presents were piled by his plate. We waited half an hour, but no Judge appeared, and reluctantly we we sat down to breakfast without him, expecting to see his jolly face enter the room every moment. An hour passed—still no sign of the Judge. We began to fear he was ill. While we were talking, Brunton, who lived on the cliff at the back of the Judge's house, came in. "Boys, have you seen the Judge this morning?" He promised my kid he'd bring him some Christmas things last night, but he didn't show up. I stopped at the Judge's cabin on my way down, but I could get no answer. "You are sure he isn't somewhere about?"

In a moment we had thrown on our heavy coats and were hurrying up the mountain to the Judge's cabin. We knocked, there was no answer; we pushed open the door; the light was burning brightly, the fire was out, the cabin cold and deserted, the Judge's bed untouched. Quick as possible, our hearts beating fast, we ran along the narrow path leading from the Judge's cabin to Brunton's house, the path we knew the Judge must have taken after leaving us last night. A hundred yards beyond we came to the cliff, the path ran on to the very edge of the rock, and there was an ugly drop of 200 feet to Boulder Creek, in the gulch below. A shout from one of the party in advance brought us quickly to his side. Looking in the direction he pointed, we saw below us the body of a man lying half covered by the snow on the rocks. Ten minutes' hard climbing and we stood on the spot—and there lay the Judge—dead—a bundle of toys grasped tightly to his breast—to the heart a few hours ago so full of love for every one. Gentle, kind-hearted easy-going Judge Woods was dead. Battling through the storm on a mission of love to a little child, he must have lost his way and fallen over the cliff. In the height of the storm he had "crossed the range" and gone before that Higher Court into the presence of the Great Judge.—The Cornhill Magazine.

It is estimated that about 30,000 horses were ousted from street-car service last year by electricity.

Massachusetts has more cities with a population of 55,000, or over, than any other State in the Union.

Philadelphia has the biggest reel truck. It weighs 16,000 pounds and can carry or bear 150,000 pounds.

To be perfectly proportioned a man should weigh twenty-eight pounds for every foot of his height.

NEW YORK, July 25, 1892.

There's hardly a thing so blindly bought as boys' clothing—it's so easy to disguise poor stuff. The remedy: know your store; make sure that your money comes back to you if the suit don't wear. No matter what you buy, a store like that protects you against every possible danger. Such stores are also—if you only knew it—the places where the best is sold for the least money. Everything at our stores that boys or men wear. Thin Suits, Negligee Shirts, Straw Hats and Russet Shoes are uppermost in your minds this hot weather—they are also handiest in our stock just now.

A. L. Thomas, a deaf-mute salesman, will be glad to show you our stock at the Prince Street store when you can conveniently call to look at clothing, hats or shoes.

Free deliveries to all points within one hundred miles of New York City.

ROGERS, PEET & CO.

THREE PRINCE, BROADWAY, WARREN, 32d St.

DON'T FORGET

Brooklyn Society's PICNIC

Washington Park,

Saturday July 30

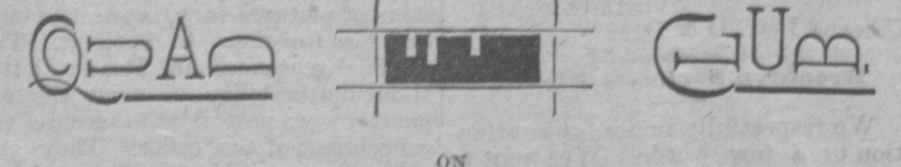
TICKETS, 25 CENTS.
(Children under 12 Free.)

MUSIC FURNISHED.

To NEW YORK PATRONS:—Take the 23d Street ferryboat to foot of Broadway, then take the Elevated to Chauncey Street Station; walk one block further.

To BROOKLYN PATRONS:—Take the Broadway or East New York Elevated to Chauncey Street; walk one block above.

AFTERNOON AND EVENING PICNIC OF THE FANWOOD



Saturday, August 6, 1892,

J. Guterding's Cosmopolitan Park,

AMSTERDAM AVENUE AND 169TH STREET.

In order to give zest and enjoyment during the afternoon, in addition to the first part of the order of dancing, the Committee has decided to hold the following

GAMES

1. Tag-of-War (Teams of Five)—Entries, 25 cents each man.
2. Potato Race. 3. Egg Race. 4. Sack Race.

(Entries, 10 cents each individual.)

Appropriate prizes will be awarded to the winners in each of the four contests.

MUSIC BY PROF. LEMLEIN'S ORCHESTRA.

The committee has made every arrangement that can conduce to pleasure, good order and enjoyment on the occasion, and respectfully solicits the patronage and attendance of the Deaf and their friends.

Committee:—EDWIN A. HODGSON, THOMAS F. FOX, JOHN LLOYD, JR.

FANWOOD ALUMNI, ATTENTION!

Photographic Views of New York Institution—Exterior and Interior can now be had at the following prices.

Stereoscopic, (no two alike) per dozen \$1.50
Twenty-five copies, (no two alike) for 7.00
Single Views on gilt bevelled panels
8 1/2 x 4 1/2, per dozen 7.50
Twenty-five copies (no two alike) for 1.50

For souvenirs or presents to friends. There is nothing better. Now is the time to order.

Postage stamps taken.

R. Douglas

Livingston, N. J.

PACH'S Convention Groups

FOR 1892.

TROY-ALBANY EXCURSION.

NOW READY FOR MAILING.

\$1.00 for Plain Mount.
\$1.25 " Panel "

All groups 11x14.

Sent on receipt of price.

Will make P. S. A. D. group at Harrisburg, in August.

Alex. L. Pach

220 North Third St., Easton Pa.

FANWOOD QUAD CLUB.

[OFFICIAL NOTICE.]

A SPECIAL meeting will be held in the reception parlor of Sauls' Washington Heights Hotel, on the evening of Friday, July 30th, at 8 o'clock. Members are requested to make full returns of unpaid picnic tickets, and pay in cash for tickets sold, at this meeting.

This meeting is called by the Picnic Committee, by order of the Club.

—Adv. A. CAPELLI, Sec'y.

NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION

WILL HOLD ITS

Eighteenth Biennial Convention

IN CONNECTION WITH THE CELEBRATION OF

THE SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

FOUNDING OF THE AMERICAN ASYLUM FOR THE DEAF & DUMB.



THOMAS H. GALLAUDET, Founder.



At Hartford Ct., August 29, 30 and 31, 1892.

The following constitutes the Committee of Arrangements, appointed at the Board Meeting in Boston on Saturday evening, May 21st:—Wm. K. Chase, (Chairman), Winsted, Ct.; Herman Erbe, H. M. Fairman, John E. Crane.

Voluntary contributions for the celebration will be received and acknowledged by the Treasurer of the Celebration, H. M. Fairman, Avon Street, Hartford, Conn.

The Celebration will take place in Foot Guard Armory Hall, Wednesday, August 31.

The Convention will meet in the Chapel of the American Asylum, August 29 and 30.

Any person wishing to present papers to the Convention will please notify the Secretary, stating subject, length, etc.

For any information, write to the Secretary, Mr. George C. Sawyer, 55 Otis Street, Somerville, Mass.

TRANSPORTATION.

Persons starting from any of the stations on any line named below, must buy a full fare ticket to Hartford, and at the same time get a certificate from the agent of their respective stations, telling him about the meetings of the New England Gallaudet Association. Present the certificate to the Secretary who will sign it upon the payment of ten cents each, and will also be signed by a special agent accompanying the Secretary in Hartford, this entitling the holders to one third back fare to stations from which certificates are issued.

RAILROADS.—Boston & Albany R. R. New York & New England R. R. New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R. New York, Providence & Boston R. R. Old Colony R. R.

STATIONS.—Blackstone, Mass. Boston, Mass. Bridgeport, Conn. Brockton, Mass. Fall River, Mass. Fitchburg, Mass. Kingston, R. I. Lowell, Mass. Mansfield, Mass. Middleboro, Mass. New Bedford, Mass. New London, Conn. Newport, R. I. New York, N. Y. Norwich, Conn. Palmer, Mass. Pawtucket, R. I. Plymouth, Mass. Providence, R. I. Putnam, Conn. South Framingham, Mass. Springfield, Mass. Stonington, Conn. Taunton, Mass. Waterbury, Conn. Westerly, R. I. Wickford Junction, R. I. Woonsocket, R. I. Worcester, Mass.

THE MINIMUM RETURN FARE WILL BE \$1.00 UNLESS SPECIALLY AUTHORIZED.

To avoid confusion, certificates and tickets for Hartford must be obtained from station agents thirty minutes at least before the arrival of trains.

All certificates must be obtained within three days before the meetings, and they will be good for four days (Sunday excepted) after the celebration, provided they are filled by the Secretary and special agent.

Should anyone fail to find their station in the above list, he will go to any of the above stations that is most convenient—buy a through ticket to Hartford and also get a certificate.

The object of charging ten cents for each certificate is to defray expense of special agent.

On Central Vermont R. R., full fare to Bellows Falls, or to Windsor, Vt., or from New London to Willimantic, Conn. Certificates from W. K. Chase for return tickets, one cent per mile at the offices of the above named towns.

The Boston and Bangor Steamer Co. offers round trip tickets at half rates to those going to Hartford through Boston from Bangor, Hampden, Winterport, Bucksport, Ft. Point, Searsport, Belfast, Northport, Camden and Rockland; but they will have to be furnished with certificates by the Secretary, George C. Sawyer, and in applying for them they will please enclose stamp and state how many friends will go with them to Hartford, before the 30th of August.

Mr. Hiram P. Hunt, of Gray, Me., special committee for the State, will give notice in deaf-mute papers concerning reduced rates on roads centering at Portland, by the last day of the present month.

Steamers leave Pier 24, East River, New York, daily except Sundays for Hartford at 5 o'clock P.M., returning at same time. Fare one way, \$1.50 with berth, or round trip, good for six days, \$2.25. A delightful sea excursion.

The Secretary will try and get reduced rates from New Hampshire some time this month and it will be announced in deaf-mute newspapers.

HOTEL, LODGING AND BOARDING PLACES.

The Asylum will have about three hundred free beds to offer. These will be assigned to: 1st. The invited guests. 2d. The early graduates of the Asylum. 3d. The members of the New England Gallaudet Association, and others up to the capacity of the building, giving ladies the preference. However, this matter is left entirely at the discretion of the principal. The following is a list of hotels, lodging and boarding places, all in the vicinity of the Asylum.

Farmington Avenue Hotel, two minutes' walk from the Asylum, \$1.50 per day or 50 cents for lodging only, will have about ten rooms to offer, most of these having two beds each. No deduction of pay for a part of the day.

Fair View House, corner Allen and High Streets, one block from Union Depot and very near to Foot Guard Hall, \$1.00 per day if two persons occupy same room—has about forty-five rooms.

Prospect Hotel on Church Street, \$1.25 per day.

Pratt Street House, corner Pratt and Trumbull Streets, \$1.25 per day, if two persons take same room.

Francis American House, No. 251 Asylum Street, 75 cents per day, if two persons occupy same room.

Allyn House, corner Asylum Avenue and Trumbull Street, \$3.00 to \$5.00. No special rates unless a definite number of persons make a contract.

Those lodging in the American Asylum will find many cheap dining rooms near by, where the bill of fare ranges from five cents upward.

For further information relative to board and lodging, write to Mr. John C. Crane, 191 Sisson Avenue, Hartford, Conn., with stamp enclosed.

NOTES.

The famous silver pitcher and salver, presented to Thomas H. Gallaudet in 1850, by the early graduates of the Asylum will be on exhibition during the Convention and Celebration.

Mr. Randall Douglas, of Livingston, N. J., has been commissioned to take photographs of the Convention and Celebration. The time of the sitting for the general picture will be duly announced.

Wednesday morning, August 31st, a game of baseball will be played between two picked nines, probably representing New England and New York.

Circulars containing full particulars about the Celebration, hotels and railroads are ready, and any one wishing one, can apply the Secretary, George C. Sawyer, 55 Otis Street, Somerville, Mass., or W. K. Chase, Winsted, Conn., with one cent stamp enclosed.

The feature of the Celebration will be an oration by Prof. J. B. Hotchkiss, of Washington, D. C. Poem by Mrs. Geo. E. Fischer nee Angelina Fuller. Miscellaneous addresses by Hartford Alumni and distinguished persons.

Banquet and Levee. Admission to Banquet, \$1.00. To the Levee, gentlemen 50 cents, ladies 25 cents.

OFFICERS.

EDWIN W. FRISBEE, PRESIDENT, GEO. C. SAWYER, SECRETARY,

F. N. BIGELOW, VICE-PRESIDENT, LEVI A. LESTER, TREASURER.

State Managers:—JOHN F. DONNELLY, Rhode Island; GEO. A. HOLMES, Massachusetts; HERMAN ERBE, Connecticut; FRED F. FLYNN, Maine; W. A. DEERING, New Hampshire.

A Sea Side Summer School of Articulation for the Deaf and Dumb.

Mrs. Lounsbury has removed to Asbury Park, N. J., where she is prepared to receive any and all who would like to learn to speak or have their articulation perfected. Accommodations at reduced rates. Sea bathing, fishing and boating included, with the health-giving and refreshing salt sea breezes. Adults only received. The best of care given. For particulars, address—

Mrs. C. E. LOUNSBURY, Asbury Park, New Jersey.

Send for circulars.

Rev. C. O. Dantzer's Appointments.

Aug. 5—7:30 P.M., St. John's, Auburn.

" 7—3:30 P.M., Christ Church, Oswego.

FACTS, ANECDOTES AND POETRY ABOUT THE DEAF AND DUMB

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